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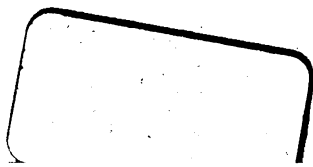
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1. Poetry, American
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To Mrs. Cynthia Lantieri
Wm at Congress
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Hester Bell

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HÉLÈNE

HÉLÈNE
AND
OTHER WAR VERSES

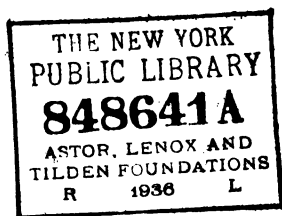
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IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF
STEWART FLAGG
Croix de Guerre
MY FRIEND AND COMRADE IN TWO WARS
AND
NORA SALTONSTALL
Croix de Guerre
WHO HELPED CARE FOR ME WHEN I MUCH NEEDED CARE
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

*"They gave all that was best in them
to the France they loved"*

Wot 14 July 1936

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HÉLÈNE

I MET Hélène one summer's day—

We had driven the Boche across the Aisne,
Over the Hills of Hameret,
Through the Hell of "The Ladies' Way"
(For every inch they made us pay),
And we held our furthest gain.

Our old Division was spent and worn;

We had done our part, we had done our best.
Regiments shattered and Fanions torn,
Comrades wounded and gassed and gone,
But hearts were high as we met the morn
And were ordered back to rest—

To a long *repos* behind the line

In the fairest part of Northern France;
Hilltops crowned with fir and pine,
Valleys ablaze with flower and vine,
Each cross-road bearing its little shrine,
The country of True Romance.

We tarried there for a month or more

Building our broken ranks again.
The busy sergeants sweated and swore,
For they must teach the Chasseur Law
To the new recruits so young and raw—
And then I met Hélène.

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

In the dark blue cloak of an *Infirmière*,
A brave *cocarde* upon her brow,
Delicate hands and golden hair
And deep blue eyes that stare and stare;
The sorrows of France were mirrored there—
I can see her now.

Standing apart on the village green
She seemed a child, so young, so fair,
One felt the tragedy back of the screen
As she greeted us all with a face serene
And the saddest smile I have ever seen—
It haunts me everywhere.

We were friends from the day we met;
And oft at eve, when our work was done,
We'd sit on the bank of the little Nonette
With a book of verse and a cigarette;
And I tried to cheer her, make her forget
The War and the Hun.

At last one day, with downcast eye,
Her fair young head so close to mine,
With faltering voice and gentle sigh
She opened her heart, so sweet, so shy,
And told me her story,—one wonders why
The Great Divine—

Sitting aloft in his awful might,
Judging us here till the end of time,
Can let the fearful shades of night

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Fall on a soul so pure, so white.
The story? Ah! that's too sacred to write
In a scribbled rhyme.

Out of the night came the German plane,
Scattering death as it went its way,
Leaving a trail of horror and pain,
Of burned and mangled and crushed and slain,
And there in the wreckage I found Hélène—
Calm and still she lay.

So calm, so still, she seemed to sleep,
Her face unmarred in the pale moonlight;
But strong men turned aside to weep
And many a vow was written deep
That the Boche should pay, the Boche should reap
What he had sown that night.

I carried her into a Holy Place;
In front of the altar I laid her down,
And the Gothic window seemed to trace
A golden halo about her face
And turn her gown into ancient lace—
Her torn, blood-spattered gown.

In a soldier's grave she lies at rest
(Row after row of soldier dead).
The Flag she loved waves over her breast
And the Devil laughs at his cruel jest—
As the great guns sing their songs in the West
And the larks sing overhead.

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Orders came to march away.

Leaving all that I loved so well,
To the biggest Game a man can play—
Back to the Front, where Death holds sway
In blood and mud and slush and clay
And Fire and Flame and Hell!

And in the weary after days,

Days that were cold and drab and drear,
I seemed to see those sad eyes gaze
Through the morning's mist and the evening's haze,
In the darksome night by the star shell's rays,
And I knew Hélène was near.

CHEMIN DES DAMES

CHEMIN DES DAMES, "The Ladies' Way,"

Built by a King of ancient France.

What memories of a bygone day

The very name brings into play,

Of bold intrigue and sweet romance,

Of Gallants brave and Ladies gay,

Of posting chaise and sedan chair,

Of waving plume and gleaming lance,

Of paint and patches, powdered hair,

Of silk and satin, maidens fair,

And all that went with Royal France

When King and Queen and Court were there!

From avions giant bombs have crashed

Upon the road, great tanks have smashed

And mashed their way across its face

Till there is hardly left a trace

Of what was once "The Ladies' Way."

One scarce can find the road to-day.

Shovel and pick and shot and shell

Have done their work and done it well.

Chemin des Dames, "The Ladies' Way,"

Ah, there's a Heritage for France!

The memory will last for aye,

Of those who fought that autumn day,

When Brissaud's Chasseurs led the dance

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Of Death across "The Ladies' Way."
Through gas and fire and bursting shell,
A lifting barrage, quick advance;
Zouave and Chasseur charging Hell
O'er trench and wire—ah! Who can tell
The tale of those who died for France
The day that Fort Malmaison fell!

THE CATHEDRAL OF SOISSONS

ABOVE the sleepy city,
Dreaming not of its fate,
It stood throughout the ages
Splendid, inviolate.
It had heard the prayers of Saint Louis,
It had felt the bended knee
Of the Virgin Maid of Orleans
In her proud humility.

Siege and storm and battle,
And the withering Hand of Time,
But mellowed its ancient grandeur
And left it serene, sublime.
Then! Then came the German Armies,
The "Intimate Friends of God"!
And one of Christ's great Temples
Died at the Kaiser's nod!

Battered by bomb and bullet,
Scarred by fire and shell,
Roof-tree and arches broken
And lying just as they fell;
Golden glass and mosaic,
Marble and plaster and slate,
Crowding the vaulted Chancel,
A symbol of Prussian Hate.

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

It fills one's heart with sorrow,
It fills one's heart with pain,
To feel that the Great Cathedral
Never will rise again.
But, above the wreck and the ruin,
Tall and straight as a lance,
The tower is looming proudly—
Proud as the Soul of France!

It stands erect in its Glory,
Shattered and tattered and torn,
To tell to the World the story,
To tell to the still Unborn,
The Tale of the Hate of the Vandal,
The Tale of the Hate of the Hun
For all that is written in beauty—
And he asks for a "Place in the Sun"!

He who in wilful envy,
He who in vulgar spite
Is robbing the world of its treasures,
He asks for a place "In the Light"!
Drive him back to the Darkness—
The Darkness from whence he came,
There to nourish his Malice,
To wallow there in his Shame!

THE CANADIAN CAPTAIN SPEAKS

THERE were five of us lived in a dugout
Forty feet under the ground.
We roasted the Kaiser and toasted the King
And passed the bottle around.
(Two were gassed and one was shot
And one of the crowd was drowned.)

There was Jimmy Flagg from Ottawa,
And Kitchin from Sault Marie,
Parsons, a Yank from the State of Maine,
And Bud from the old Countree.
We all came out with the "Princess Pats"
(The rest of the Crowd was Me!).

We talked of our girls, we talked of our work
(The oldest was twenty-four),
As we planned the "Getting Together,"
Back home there, after the War.
All of the crowd are gone but me,
And I'm tired and sick and sore.

For what is the use of the cross I wear,
Or my stars or my Captain's pay,
Or the letter I got from "Pat" herself
For stopping a shell one day—
When the fellows I wanted to play with
Will never be there to play?

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

For the things one thinks are going to count,
They somehow are pretty small
When you measure them up with
The might have been,
And it doesn't seem fair at all
That they should be buried out there in the mud—
Awaiting the Trumpet Call.

THE HEART OF THE COLONEL

I WATCHED an avion in flight,
It seemed a giant dragon-fly,
And then I saw a shrapnel burst,
And fluttering downward from the sky,
It came to Earth a Broken Thing.
A mass of flame and smoke and fire—
Of blistering paint and crumbling wing,
Of cracking frame and snapping wire.

It fell beyond our furthest line,
In No Man's Land, where none may fare;
And there it lies wrecked, smashed, supine,
And all my heart is lying there.
For what is left in Life for me
When Faith and Hope and Love are done;
When, burned and mangled over there,
Lies what was once my only Son?

I have my work, my part to play.
The welfare of my Regiment,
And I must show a smiling face
And only sorrow in my tent—
For 'tis my fate to be of those
Poor mortals singled out by Chance
To stand erect and proudly say,
"I've given of my all for France!"

THE ROAD TO VAILLY

THERE'S a winding road through Vailly,
Running up from Braine,
Past the woods of Chassemy
Across the River Aisne,
And up the hill to Hameret—
Out on the Bascule Plain.

I knew the road before the War,
That far-off, happy day.
I saw the peasants in the fields,
The children at their play,
The women at the cottage door
Were smiling, cheerful, gay.

And now the road to Vailly
Is rutted, gutted, worn.
The trees that stood on either side
Are battered, tattered, torn.
The little rose-clad cottages
Are shattered, scattered, gone.

Along the road to Vailly
Is ruin, waste and wrack,
It's felt the big shells bursting,
It's heard the rifles crack,
As foot by foot we conquered
And forced the Vandal back.



Le Brancardier

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HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

I've seen the road at midnight,
Black shadows everywhere,
The great Tanks going forward,
The sudden shocking glare
Of shrapnel bursting overhead,
While gas shells taint the air.

Big guns and ambulances,
Troops marching to the fight,
Long trains of ammunition,
Pack-mules to left and right,
And all that feeds an army,
Goes groping through the night.

I've seen the road at dawning,
The wounded like a flood
Came pouring from the battle,
Covered with clay and blood;
In twos and tens and hundreds,
Staggering through the mud.

French Poilu, English Tommy,
Chasseur and Kilted Scot,
Black Senegalese and Arab
Have left their bones to rot
Along the road to Vailly,
And made a hallowed spot.

THE PRIEST

I saw him first in the Rue Royale
And was struck by his kind old face,
His sable robe and golden cross
And air of delicate grace.
He greeted the poorest girl of the streets
And the greatest Dame of the land,
With the same sad smile and a gentle nod
And a friendly wave of the hand.
I thought of the grand old Cardinals
Who lived in the long ago,
Whose stories are part of the Story of France,
And their lives in their great Châteaux.

And then came the fight for Malmaison,
I saw my Priest again,
With gas mask and blue steel helmet,
Standing alone in the rain.
'Twas at a crowded cross roads
In a mud bespattered gown,
The shells were falling about him
As the wounded came struggling down.

His own Chasseurs and Poilus,
Arabs and Senegalese,
For each a smile and a cigarette,
And a cheery, "*Bonne chance, mon fils,*"
And a wave to me as I passed him
(I was driving an ambulance),

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

And the thought was always before me,
There stands the Spirit of France!
Simple and brave and courageous,
Gentle and debonaire,—
The Cause of the Church is surely safe
With men like him Out There!

THE TRICOLOR

THE Autumn wind is mellow,
The fields are brown and yellow,
And everywhere are poppies, throughout the fair expanse.
Brilliant scarlet poppies,
Cruel scarlet poppies,
They typify the broken hearts that haunt the homes of
France.

We see the airplanes soaring,
We hear the big guns roaring,
They tell us there is warring in this Country of Romance.
And always there are crosses,
White, pathetic crosses,
The little wooden crosses that fill the fields of France.

The blue cornflowers growing
Sedate amidst the sowing,
The busy, tired Poilu passes by with but a glance.
To me they are the maidens,
The million wistful maidens,
Who'll never bear a warrior to fight the fights of France!

TO "X" . . .

I FOUND a violet near a trench to-day—

A Boche plane soaring proudly in the sky
Tells me that Fear and Hate and Death are nigh,
Tells me that War is not so far away.

In front the constant booming of the guns,
Behind are peasants sowing fields of grain,
And all about is struggle, striving, strain—
The Sense of War one's better nature stuns.

But Spring is here and I would fain forget
The awful crash and rattle of the fight,
And only think of Play and Youth and Light,—
And of my Heart's Desire, my love, and yet—

How can I take myself away from me?
I have my duty here, my work to do,
But know, Dear Child, my thoughts are all of you
And all things else seem naught but travesty.

But Peace will come at last and then, perchance,
We two may take our Love and run away
To some Fair spot where we may idly stray,
Forgetting all that war has meant to France—

And meant to us who've given of our best
To play our part in this Great Tragedy;
Let's seek forgetfulness in Arcady
Where we may love and in our Love find rest.

THE CHASSEURS

WOULD that I could paint a picture
Of the Chasseur as we know him;
The Chasseur in the trenches
'Midst the mud and ice and snow,
The Chasseur we have carried
Torn and shattered from the battle,
The Chasseur on permission,
The Chasseur *en repos*.

It takes a better pen than mine
To really tell the story
Of the gallant Chasseur Alpin,
Tender, brave, and debonaire,
Laughing as he leaves the trenches
On the path that leads to glory,
Facing gas and shell and wire,
Croix de Bois, or Croix de Guerre!

In the crowded first aid *abri*
Lying on his blood-soaked stretcher,
Cold and wet and black with powder,
Worn and faint with wound and burn,
Waiting for the tired surgeons
(Bare of arm and splashed with scarlet),
Cheery whispers to each other,
Jesting when it comes their turn!



Un Chasseur

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L

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Cut and slashed and patched and bandaged,
Packed into our ambulances,
Over shell holes, ruts and débris
(Would that we could ease their way!).
Arrivés are falling round us,
Making flashes in the darkness,
Passing troops and guns and wagons—
Praying for the light of day.

When we reach our destination
(Some have died and some are dying)
Lift them gently from the stretchers,
Wish the conscious ones "*Bonne chance.*"
Not a word of blame or censure—
Just a stricken hero sighing,
When you try to show your pity,
"*Mais, Monsieur, c'est pour la France.*"

When the big attack is over,
"Holding" troops come to the trenches,
And the weary, fighting Chasseurs
(Bearded, filthy, caked with clay)
March away for rest and patching
(Comrades gone are soon forgotten!),
Pinard, games and songs and laughter,
Turn the night-time into day.

[*Never finished*]

THE *RAVITAILLEMENT* MAN

IN all the bloomin' Army that's a fightin' of the Boche,
All the way from General Pétain down to me,
There's none whose work is harder than the *Ravitaillement*
Man—

And no one does a better job than he!

He wears a dented helmet and a gas mask round his neck,
And a faded uniform that once was blue,—
But he gets the ammunition to the popping Mitraillease,
And he gets the steamin' soup to me and you!

His work is mostly after dark along a crowded road,
With the shadows from the star shells fallin' strange,
And he doesn't show a light as he struggles through the night,
For he knows the sneakin' Boche has got his range!

When *éclat*'s fallin' round us and some fellow hollers "Gas!"
We "heroes" dust for cover as a rule,
But there ain't no friendly *abri* for the *Ravitaillement* Man—
He's got to stay and 'tend a kickin' mule!

And it ain't no cheery picnic to be sittin' in the rain,
With a ton of high explosives for a seat,
And shrapnel burstin' over and an ammunition train
Exploдин' up the road, a hundred feet!

And so I doffs my chapeau to the *Ravitaillement* Man,
For all the way from Pétain down to me
(Exceptin' of the Poilu in the very front line trench)
There's no one does a better job than he!

CHEER UP!

IN every mile of the trenches
From Switzerland up to the Sea,
We're getting the Boches' measure,
(He knows it as well as we!)
We're learning to play the Boches' game
And play it better than he!
So Cheer Up, "Back There."

English, Scotch and Irish,
Frenchmen and Portuguese,
Yanks, Canucks and Welshmen,
Anzacs and Tonkinese,
Belgians, Sikhs and Arabs,
Men from the Seven Seas,
Are at it "Out Here."

We're all of us killing Germans—
We're getting them two for one.
We know that with time and patience
We'll have the Boche on the run,
And the World will be safe forever,
Safe from the Swinish Hun,
So Buck Up, "Back There."

Don't think that the job is easy,
To freeze in a trench all night,
To starve in a German Prison,
To fall from a two-mile height,

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

To lose a leg or part of your face
In a long range, big gun fight,
But, All's Well, "Out Here."

And God! How you long for your woman.
(Good or bad, it's all the same!)
The smell of her hair, the feel of her arms,
To hear her whisper your name!
Chasing lice with a pidgeon lamp
Is *Our* Principal Indoor Game—
You bathe "Back There."

What of the fellows we've buried
In mud that was up to the knee?
What of the children and babes at the breast
Who've died in the open sea?
What of the thousands of cripples
And those who will never see?
We remember "Out Here."

Think of the women and tender girls,
Who've felt the feel of the Beast—
Whose bodies were tainted forever,
When the Carrion met for the feast.
Give heed to their cry for vengeance!
Give heed to that Cry, at least!
Remember them "Back There."

Is our work to be all for nothing?
Our sacrifice all in vain?
Can they swindle the world with a Prussian Peace?
Can a Treaty remove the Stain

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Of Rape and Robbery, Murder and Lies,
Till they're ready to strike again?
Must our children come "Out Here"?

No! This is no time for Parleys!
For he knows as well as we,
That in every mile of the Trenches,
From Switzerland up to the Sea,
We've learned to play the Boches' game,
And play it better than he!
So cheer up, "Back There."

THE “*EMBUSQUÉ*”

He never heard a mitrailleuse,
He never heard a shell,
He never heard a Boche plane overhead;
He never saw a barrage,
And he never knew the Hell
Of sorting out the wounded from the dead.

He never knew how shrapnel breaks,
Or how a bullet sings—
He never got a whiff of mustard gas;
But, in a Captain's uniform,
With braid and bars and things,
See better men Salute him as they pass!

He never saw a front line trench,
With mud and slush and ice,
Or slept in inky *abris*, foul with dirt,
With fifty sweating Poilus,
Where you fight with fleas and lice,
And pick the merry Toto from your shirt.

He never drove a motor car,
Along a shell-swept road,
He never saw a star shell shining bright,
But, he struts the streets of Paris,
In a service uniform,
And he eats a corking dinner every night.

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

The Girl He Left Behind Him
Wears proudly near her heart
A picture of her Hero far away;
She thinks he's in the trenches
Playing well a soldier's part,
And killing slews of Germans every day.

I wonder if she'll ever know
That he was in the rear,
That he was safe in Paris doing work
That any clever girl could do.
I wonder if she'll hear
That he was but a blooming Office Clerk.

For when the War is over,
And the fighting men go Home,
He'll surely march as proudly as the rest,
With a sword (he's never carried)
And a pistol (never used)
And a "Foreign Service Medal" on his chest.

So, three cheers for the "*Embusqué*,"
(God knows! I'd like to boot him);
Of all our war-time bluffers he's the worst.
He dresses like a soldier,
While better men salute him,
And never guess his Motto—"Safety First!"

"LE CAFARD" . . .

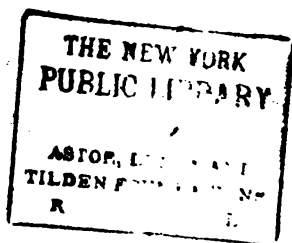
WHEN you hate the War and you hate your work,
And you'd welcome a German shell
That would break at your feet or over your head
And blow your soul to Hell;
When you hate your Chief and you hate your Pals
And curse yourself to sleep,
After smoking a hundred cigarettes,
Or counting a million sheep;
When you hate the sight of a uniform
Or the sound of an aëroplane,
And the thought of a greasy motor car
Just fills your heart with pain;
When you look at the river with longing,
Or sneak for your piece a load,
(Though you know damned well that in War times
A *man* can't take *that* road) ;
When you hate the bark of a *soixante quinze*
And loathe the sight of a gun,
You can bet ten francs to a *demi sou*
You've got "*Le Cafard*," my son!

It generally comes when you're *En Repos*,
And you haven't enough to do.
You've hit the Pinard a bit too hard
And it's left you a trifle blue.
The clouds that gather are darker than dark,
And the day gets blacker than black;



LE CAFARD DU SOLDAT...

Le Cafard



HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

You think of your sins both little and big,
For a thousand eons back.
The girls you've kissed and the girls you've missed
Go shooting across your brain.
You long for the sight of a powdered nose
And an evening gown again.
You're tired of looking at soldiers—
You're sick of the khaki shirt—
You sigh for the sound of a woman's voice,
And the swish of a silken skirt.
When the things that you've done that you shouldn't—
And the things that you've left undone,
Are racking your soul into fragments,
You've got "*Le Cafard*," my son!

A TOAST TO THE CHASSEURS

WE'VE seen the Blue Devils in action,
We've seen the Blue Devils at play.
We've seen the Blue Devils go over the top,
Earnest and cheerful and gay.

We've seen them come out of the trenches,
Wounded and bleeding and faint,
But never a cry or a whimper,
Never a word of complaint.

We've carried them down from the *abris*,
To hospitals miles in the rear,
Over roads that were shell torn and rutted,
But never a sigh or a tear.

We've seen their dead after a battle,
With every man's face to the foe,
And our hearts have gone sick within us,
To have our brave comrades go.

But a curious fancy comes to me,
That a Chasseur who dies in a fight,
Has a wee bit of Heaven that's all of his own,
With gaiety, laughter and light—

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Like the Heaven reserved for our Red Men,
 (Good hunting and plenty of game),
Where a man who has lived a brave man's life
 Goes on forever the same.

I'm proud of my Spanish War ribbons,
 I'm proud of my French *Fourragère*,
But of all my possessions I'm proudest
 Of the little blue *Bêret* I wear.

So here's to our Grand Old Division!
 Which is "Somewhere Out There In The Snow";
Here's to the Sixty-sixth Chasseurs Alpins!
 And here's to our General—Brissaud!

GREAT INVENTIONS

THE three great inventions the war has produced
To ease a poor man of his pains,
To keep his morale at one hundred per cent.,
Are *Pinard*, *Permish'*, and *Marraines*!

When you come from the trenches cold, hungry and wet,
Or have driven all night in your car,
There's nothing like putting right under your belt
A quart (more or less) of *Pinard*!

Sometimes it's sour and sometimes it's sweet,
It varies from purple to jet,
But a large cup or two puts new life into you,
And a *bidon* full makes you forget!

When you've slept in your clothes for a fortnight or more,
In a dirty cantonment or shed,
As you struggle with cooties and totos and fleas,
You know that "permission's" ahead.

When you blush every time that you think of your neck,
Just what keeps you going and keen?
The thought that next day or next week or next month,
You'll be rested and mended and clean!

And when on permission what cheers you the most?
Is it cocktails or beer or champagne?

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Not at all! It's the girl you've been dreaming about,
Your Dear Little Angel *Marraine!*

She gets all your money and most of your time,
And then sees you off at the train,
With a tear in her eye and your roll in her sock,
And a prayer that you'll soon come again!

And that's why each Poilu will swear on his life,
That the greatest inventions by far,
Evolved in these long years of struggle and strife,
Are *Marraines*, *Permish'*, and *Pinard!*

"AN ODE TO L'AMOUR"

Respectfully Addressed

to

Mlle. X.—V. V.

Place d'Armes

Nesle

Somme

by

Her most obedient

Servant

and humble

Worshipper

and dutiful

Slave

Stephen Pell

Brigadier

S. S. U. No. 5

Sixty-sixth Division.

Chasseurs Alpins

Aux Armées Françaises

Château-Thierry

1^{er} Novembre, 1917

THE ODE

WERE not your Heart a block of Ice,
You really would be very nice.

(THE END)

MIMA AND CARLOTTA

WE sat in the back of the Colonel's car,
A slip of a girl and I,
While the big bombs crashed, the cannon flashed,
And shrapnel broke in the sky.

She looked like a Nun in her nurse's gown,
Blue veil and cross of red,
As the mitrailleuse popped right and left,
At an avion overhead.

We should have been safe in an *abri*,
But the moon was shining bright,
And she wanted a glimpse at the German planes
Which were somewhere there in the night.

So we chatted of frills in Anglo-French,
Of Women and Work and War,
But, alas! She was only a slip of a girl,
And I was Forty-Four!

Over the trenches the star shells flared
As we watched the searchlights play,
And all the while I was many a mile—
And twenty years away!

I was sitting beneath a big palm tree,
With a tiny slip of a girl;

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

The moon on the Bay was gold and grey,
And the sky was Mother of Pearl.

We laughed at the lights from the battle fleet,
Which was anchored close to the shore,
And little we cared for the Rules of the Game,
And little we cared for the War!

I should have been safe on my ship that night,
She shouldn't have been with me!
But her eyes shone bright in the pale moonlight,
And there was the big palm tree!

We watched the signals flash through the dark,
And watched the searchlights play,
And laughed when the bugles sounded Taps,
And laughed at Reveille!

For in Anglo-Spanish we whispered there,
Of Women and Work and Frills!
Till the Moon sank deep in the western sky,
And the Dawn came over the Hills!

L'ENVOI

A Moon is a Moon and a Girl is a Girl,
And a War is always a War,
But, oh! The different point of view,
Of Twenty and Forty-Four!

VILLETTE

A CHARMING little town is Villette,
The houses tumbled down in Villette,
Our rooms are large and airy—
And of window panes we've nary
Got a one, to keep the rain out in Villette.

Our quarters are quite warm in Villette,
With friendly fleas they swarm in Villette.
Arrangements sanitary,
They are primitive—Oh! Very—
And the walk across the garden's rather wet!

Life is very, very quiet in Villette,
A call would cause a riot in Villette.
We eat and sleep and rest
And do our level best
To shirk our daily work in Villette.

The streets are very dirty in Villette,
The *Jeune Filles* they are flirty in Villette.
But alas! How very sad,
Rumor whispers *très malade!*
So, it's Eyes front! Forward march! in Villette.

When Michel gets Permish' from Villette,
How we curse at every dish in Villètte!
At camouflaging meat
He is very hard to beat,
And Golly! How we eat in Villette!

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

Twice a week we have a drill in Villette;
It helps the time to kill in Villette.
We hold our sides and laugh
At our non-commissioned staff,
And the orders that they give in Villette.

We would gladly say farewell to Villette;
To the dirt and fleas and smell of Villette;
We should like to have a chance
At some other *Villes* of France
Than St. Remy by the Sewer and Villette.

PANSEMENTS

I do not like the creepy sound
Of bullets as they sing,
And bits of *éclat* falling round
Are not a pleasant thing.
I do not like the noise of shells
When bursting overhead,
I do not like the awful smells
Of Boche and horses dead.
I do not like the poison gas
That makes you sneeze and cry,
I do not like the sight of wounds,
I hate to see men die.

But worst of all are *pansements*,
Those cruel, wicked *pansements*.
They put you on a table, where you yell
and scream with pain,
And as they cut and slash you,
And slice and pound and mash you,
You hear the surgeon saying: "I think it's
going to rain."

I do not like the winter's mud,
I do not like the cold,
I do not like the sight of blood,
Or dead men, ten days old.
I do not like the little fleas
That bite you on the back,

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

The lice that crawl about your knees,
The totes small and black,
I do not like the snow and ice,
I think I've had my share,
In fact, there isn't much that's nice
About this blooming *Guerre!*

But worst of all are *pansements*,
Those tearing, painful *pansements*.
Your shirt is up around your neck; the nurse
says: "That's all right."
And as they rip and hack you,
And with red pepper pack you,
You hear her softly murmur: "I'm dining
out to-night."

AWAITING TRANSPORTATION

WE live in a leaky barrack,
With mud half way to the knees,
And those who haven't got cooties,
Are scratching themselves with fleas.
We hate to look at our "unders,"
We daren't look at our comb,
But nobody cares a blinking damn,
We're all of us bound for Home!

So pack your kit and mess gear,
And kiss your girl good-bye,
The trooper's in the harbor—
Bébé, don't you cry!

Three hundred men on the chow line,
It straggles up the hill,
We stand in the rain for an hour
And the stuff we get is swill.
The *Vin* we buy is watered,
The beer is mostly foam,
But nobody cares a blinking damn
We're all of us bound for Home!

Our Adjutant's a shave-tail,
A bomb-proof *embusqué*,
He raises hell with the soldier man,
For that's the bomb-proof way.

HÉLÈNE AND OTHER WAR VERSES

The washing we do is sketchy,
In water the color of loam,
But nobody cares a blinking damn,
We're all of us bound for Home!

Some of us time-expired,
And some of us furloughed men,
And some are Class D, wounded,
And two are bound for the pen.
And every man in the barrack
Swears that he'll never roam
Again away from the U. S. A.,
If they'll only send us Home!

So pack your kit and mess gear,
And kiss your girl good-bye,
The trooper's in the harbor—
Bébé, don't you cry!



